

THE  
ORPHANS;  
OR,  
GENEROUS LOVERS.  
AN OPERA,  
IN THREE ACTS.

Published for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans  
of the Soldiers who fell in Holland.

By *HENRY SHEPHERD, Esq.*  
Capt. in the 49th Reg. *K*

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1800.

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THE

ORPHANS

OF

GENEROUS LOVERS

A NEW



ACTS

Published for the Trustees of the William and Mary Foundation  
of the University of London



BY HENRY SHEPHERD, ESQ.

Esq. in the 4th Regt.

LONDON

Printed by C. & G. Whittington, 10, St. Dunstons Lane

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1860



## *Advertisement.*

THE following Piece was offered to the Manager of Covent Garden, and on his declining to hazard the Representation of it, the author attempted, by an application he judged most likely to succeed, to obtain the permission of the Lord Chamberlain for the representation of it at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, for such successive number of nights as his Lordship might be pleased to grant, the clear profits from thence arising to be appropriated

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propriated to the Fund for the Widows and Orphans of our brave countrymen who fell in Holland. But disappointed in that mode of introducing it to the public, he is induced to offer it through the medium of the press; the profits from thence arising to be given to the above Fund.

The author is aware, that the adverse issue of the Expedition alluded to may appear to cast a shade of impropriety on a single sentiment or two, that may be found in the piece: but from a very good source of information, the free and uninterested

terested account of a friend who has very lately passed some time in that country, he is competent to know, and from such knowledge authorised to assert, that though the governing powers would of course use every exertion to maintain themselves in the stations they possessed; the bulk of the people severely felt, and grievously complained of the assumed superiority of their Gallican Lords, who ruled them with no light or equal hand.

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## PREFACE.

**W**HEN I reflect with how great indulgence the Comic Opera has been received ; I have wondered the Serious Opera has been so rarely attempted. We have I think had little more of that species of Dramatic Writing, than bad Translations from Metastasio. And even those have always experienced a favourable reception. The success of those translations has appeared to me, as offering an invitation to the Dramatic Writer to try the effect of an Original. This in the following piece I have attempted : and endeavoured to bring the celebrated Italian Dramatist down from courts, and camps, and palaces, to the humbler walks of private life. I have impeded the buskined step, without the accompaniment of the bloody dagger, or  
poi-



poisoned bowl ; and, to checquer the scene, assumed the walk of the humbler sock, without scaramouching it in buffoonery and farce.

With regard to the lyrics, or airs, the frequent occurrence of them in the Italian Operas hath ever appeared to me a disgusting interruption of the Drama. And indeed so much is subtracted from the gratification of the mind for the titillation of the ear, in the opinion of better judges of the subject than myself ; as to have occasioned the well known caricature of an Opera in crotchets, without words : implying that sense and sentiment were unnecessary things.

As much as I know of the real English taste, for in taste there is often a good deal of affectation, I conceive the cantilena, or cantabile in music will please it most. And in accommodation to that  
idea

## P R E F A C E.

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idea I have made my lyrics longer, than the Italian's airs usually are, and not so frequently to occur: thereby avoiding the interruption of the Drama, and giving to them the nature of the plain cant, or song. And in support of such Idea I may adduce the sentiment of Algarotti; who in his Essay on the Opera observes, that it is prescribed by all the rules of taste, that the business of Singers is to sing; not to quaver, or trill away, the sense, but to be intelligible.

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

**MEN.**

**MELVILLE.**  
**WILLIAMS.**  
**BELMOUR.**  
**SNARLE.**  
**FIREBRACE.**  
**RAMBLE.**  
**SAYWELL.**  
**SNAP.**  
**DRILL.**  
**GREVILLE.**  
**THOMAS, *Servants.***

**WOMEN**

**EMILIA.**  
**HARRIET.**  
**CICELY.**

THE  
ORPHANS;

OR,  
GENEROUS LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

BELMOUR. DRILL.

DR. Indeed, Sir, I know not how to take this annual bounty from you, for entertaining in my family one who is now become so near and dear to me, that I should not know how to live without her.

BEL. We must have no words on that subject. Harriet was the legacy of my dying parent; who bequeathed to my protection the orphan of her respected friend. And so happy has that accomplished girl made me in my charge; that I will part with it to no one, who cannot urge a better claim to it than I have.

DR. And would you have me still conceal from her her real parentage?

A

BEL.

BEL. I would, till I can learn whether the present head of the family will take any more notice of a poor illegitimate child, than the last has done : of which, from the eccentric character I hear of him, I flatter myself with no great hopes.

DR. I must own I love to call her Harriet : but though I think she be as dear to me, as if she were indeed Harriet Drill ; my heart is apt to reproach me with the liberty I take, knowing that she has a natural right to a much better name.

BEL. The child of an honest man, old friend, inherits a prouder title, than fortune can confer.

DR. But where, Sir, is the use of continuing the deception ?

BEL. 'Tis this : if her natural relations unnaturally reject her ; she will never know the loss of claims, of which she never knew she was possessed. This point was settled between her mother, whom you know she lost at a very early age, and my own. And I feel the force and the propriety of it.

DR. Well, Sir, it must be as you please. And when, if I may be so bold, do you get into your own residence at Grove House ?

BEL. Soon, I hope. Though I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my present situation at the Huntsman. Lord Ramble hath built a most commodious house there : where, the hunt not having commenced, I and a gentleman whom I found there, live with every accommodation, perfectly



fectly free and independent of each other; and yet happy in the reach of mutual society.

DR. Folks say, he is a marvellous oddity ; and that no body knows his name, but you.

BEL. Folks need have made no such exception. For intimate as our common residence hath rendered us, I know no more particulars of him, than you do. I know, he has a heart ; and as to his name, I never trouble myself about it. There are secrets, Drill, in all families : I never seek to dive into those of others, and therefore hope from them the same indulgence.

DR. A good slap in the face, Drill, for thee.  
(*aside.*)

BEL. And having mentioned lord Ramble's name, it reminds me of his brother. Pray have you seen Mr. Ramble lately ?

DR. Yes, very lately : his honour is a very free gentleman.

BEL. I believe so. But I hope you keep Harriet out of the way of his freedoms. I have particular reasons for this caution : which you will excuse me at present from explaining. I am in a hurry. Good morning to you.

## SCENE II

## DRILL.

DR. Oh, your servant, sweet, courteous, kind hearted landlord Ramble! — How fares it, friend Drill? — Is every thing tight about you? — Want any repairs? — I love the fight of an old tenant — (*mimicking Ramble.*) Oh, yes: and I will take care, that you shall not have much of the fight of my poor Harriet.

So with fascinating eyes  
The basilisk entraps his prize.  
So the tearful crocodile  
On the sedgey banks of Nile  
In treacherous ambush lurks.  
So 'midst creation's fairest works  
The lordly spoiler prowls for prey;  
In the disguise  
Of tears, and sighs,  
And courteous smiles, his varied arts he plies;  
And loves, and sues, to triumph and betray.

Ah, Drill, Drill; thou vain old fool, to think his honour Ramble cared a straw about thee! — And  
that

that smooth-tongued rascal Saywell too:—curse his favours! Oh, that I could be such a fool, as to borrow his money, when I did not want it!—  
If Harriet —

SCENE III.

HARRIET. DRILL.

HAR. Did not you mention Harriet?

DR. I believe, I might. Mr. Belmour has just left me. He forced his annual bounty on me; said you were his mother's ward, and must continue his; and bade me tell you, miss Greville would call shortly on you, to go with her and chuse a gown.

HAR. A bride-maid's gown I hope for my dear Emilia's wedding.

DR. Why, I believe so.

HAR. Heaven bestrew the bridal-bed with roses!—And may I ask a favour?

DR. My dear girl, most freely.

HAR. It is your permission to present Miss Greville with the wedding ring you bought of Cicely, and for a similar purpose, before my Greville was torn from me, gave to me.

DR. Most gladly. Thy Greville —

HAR. Oh, were he mine!

DR. Greville will never let thee want a ring.

#### SCENE IV.

EMILIA. HARRIET. DRILL.

EM. Good morrow, Mr. Drill. I have called on Harriet to take an airing.

DR. I heard, Madam, of your kind intentions. Mr. Belmour has just left us. What a little paradise his taste hath made at Grove House!

HAR. And my father will tell you, I have a little appendage to a piece of furniture, that I know he holds more dear than all beside the world can put into it: of which you must not refuse me the acceptance. 'Tis this; (*gives Emily a ring*) which you have oft admired; and indeed it only wrings my heart with painful reflections, when I look on it.

EM. (*takes the ring, and looking at it offers to return it*) You must excuse me. It is a ring of value.

DR. And you would sadly mortify us, if you refused it on that account: knowing, as you do, how much we owe to Mr. Belmour's goodness.

EM. But Harriet, I hope, will have occasion for it herself.

DR.



DR. Your occasions however, if report speak true, are most pressing.

EM. Report is generally too quick of tongue. My uncle, I assure you, hath not said it. And yourselves both know the force of his authority.

HAR. Too feelingly. But when from my poor bleeding heart his mandate forced the brother of Emilia; he tore him from a pure indeed, but lowly love: that boasted no pretensions to his affection, but what his partiality conferred. I do not blame his uncle: but I mourn my fate.

EM. Dwell not, my Harriet, on that mournful tale. It throws a gloom upon my mind, that sadly weighs it down. I feel severely for my brother: and truly sympathize with thee. And who knows, how soon thou in turn mayest sympathize with me?

HAR. Oh, no, no. Fate with more equal thread hath twined yours and your faithful Belmour's love and fortunes. (*Emily again offers to return the ring*) Indeed I must not be refused.

EM. Why then I take it, Harriet, as the gift of friendship, and will hope to wear it as the pledge of love.

Hail pledge of love so lust'rous bright,  
Whose emblematic zone  
In happy union can unite  
Two kindred hearts in one!



Hail, gift, whose secret powers impart  
A richer glow, a brighter ray,  
Than all thy radiance can display,  
The tribute of a grateful heart !

*Scene changes to the Huntsman Inn.*

SCENE V.

WILLIAMS. THOMAS.

WILL. You may pack up: I shall be off to-morrow.

TH. What from this charming place, Sir?—

WILL. Yes; from this charming place, Sir.

TH. Where every body is so fond of you; where you live just according to your own liking; know every body, and no body knows you.

WILL. Fool, I have no likings. Go, and pack up, and when I want your advice, I'll ask for it.

TH. Nay, Sir, I do not complain: 'tis my bones, that cry out. With living on the turnpike road, trot, trot, after your chaise, from end to end, and side to side of the kingdom, from head to toe they are rattling and shuffling, and all out of their places.

WILL.

**WILL.** If you be tired of my service, quit it.

**TH.** And turn posture-master: a place, for which I am rarely well qualified; for I have not a joint about me, that will not bend every way.

**WILL.** How is it out of doors?—I suppose just such a day, as yesterday.

**TH.** Yes, Sir; as like for all the world, as one day is like another.

**WILL.** I thought so. What a flat, same, insipid world, we live in! Alexander himself, when he had conquered it, and fighed for another, was not more heartily sick of it, than I am. I will go to bed again.

**TH.** But that would only be doing what you did last night. Had not your honor better ride out this morning?

**WILL.** And would not that be doing just what I did yesterday?

**TH.** Only the two same things would not be quite so near each other. So, Sir, shall I saddle the horses?

**WILL.** Do, as I ordered you, rascal, and pack up.

**SCENE**

SCENE VI.

WILLIAMS.

Some rhodomantade about life's chequer'd scenes;  
With pleasing variety nicely entwined;  
But what that chequer'd variety means,  
I have fought late and early, yet never could find.

Life is a flat, without hillock or dell,  
'Tis an ocean quite stagnate and still;  
'Tis the circular trail of a Ranalagh belle,  
'Tis the round of a horse in a mill.

SCENE VII.

WILLIAMS. BELMOUR.

BEL. Neighbour, how goes it?

WILL. Not at all. I stagnate. The world  
is a piece of \*drie ground: flat and tedious. I  
wish I was over it.

BEL. But on that drie ground grows many a  
fair flower: if you would but seriously set about  
collecting them.

WILL. Chief of which I suppose you reckon  
the blooming tulip of a painted face. No of-

\* A Scotch and provincial word signifying a piece of flat ground  
apparently short, but long and tedious in passing over. I do not  
know an equally expressive synonyme.

fence,

fence, George, to your Emilia. I believe her to be just what nature made her: woman all over. Shew me a woman: and I will shew you the sex. The same, the same, always the same.

BEL. No, no: those, who pretend most to have studied them, lovers and poets, hold otherwise. They tell us there is not a more changeful thing in nature.

WILL. True: but they are all, and always, so. They are so constant to inconstancy; there is a sameness even in that.—hey, hoe!—I am tired of buttoning and unbuttoning.

BEL. Why if on the spot, where you and I have whimsically fixed our present residence, no variety is to be found; I should with you almost despair of finding it.

An inn is the world, with variety stored,  
Adapted to every guest;  
It has eggs for the miser, a plentiful board  
For the gay, and a flask of the best.

It has maids of the chamber so pretty and smiling,  
You meet friends at the table so courteous and civil,  
Some honest and trusty, some false and beguiling;  
To distinguish aright the saint, and the devil,  
So like are their features, though distant their kin,  
“Take care,”  
“Beware,”  
Is the language alike of the world, and an inn.

SCENE



SCENE VIII.

MELVILLE. WILLIAMS.

MEL. Passing by, I called, to ask if you were disposed to a morning's ride.

WILL. I should like it. But hang it! 'tis a dull day: and how is the wind?

MEL. North east, I believe.

WILL. So it always is: blowing rheumatisms and catarrhs at every blast.

MEL. And yet by your looks you seem not to be much troubled with either.

WILL. To be sure the sluggish tide continues to flow: but very languidly, Mr. Melville. I have tried hard for something that might give a stimulus to it. But no: the same wind every where, the same face of things, the same nonsense, the same trifling, the same inclination to my elbow chair.

MEL. And yet you wear air and exercise on your countenance.

WILL. But 'tis the same air, the same exercise. I use the open air, because I am tired of a close one. I take exercise because I am tired of sitting still. At this very instant, you do not know, Mr. Melville, you cannot conceive what I feel:



feel: A relaxation—an oppression—a flatness—a  
 langour—a kind of I know not what.

MEL. The very worst of all maladies. In-  
 deed I pity you.

WILL. Oh, the very devil. If it were but  
 the gout, sometimes in my head, and sometimes  
 in my feet; there would be some variety in it.  
 But always, always the same: 'tis dismal. You  
 will excuse me attending you to day, Mr. Mel-  
 ville. I must keep to old elbow. (*throws himself*  
*into an elbow chair.*)

MEL. And as I fancy, I only disturb your  
 contemplations; I will bid you good morning.  
 And as soon as you are tired of them, and are in-  
 clined to find out something else to tire you; I  
 shall be happy to see you at Melville Lodge.

#### SCENE IX.

MELVILLE. WILLIAMS. SNARLE.

SN. I do not fright you away, I hope, Mr.  
 Melville.

MEL. Indeed you do not. Our friend will  
 tell you, I was going.

WIL. But as Mr. Snarle is come; it may be  
 prudent to stay a little longer, to watch your re-  
 putation.

SN.

SN. Mr. Melville knows he has nothing to fear. I probe no wounds. Candour is the word with me.

MEL. Right Mr. Snarle : and I will trust that candour ; especially as I leave so good an advocate behind me.

SCENE X

WILLIAMS. SNARLE.

WILL. Come then, my dear Gazette, sit down, and let me read thee.

SN. And as your history is a little wrapped up in hieroglyphics, I should like to read a page or two of that ; for I am eternally asked about the strange gentleman without a name ; and can give nothing in the shape of an answer.

WILL. Why Snarle, thou dost so hate the world, and art therefore so congenial to me, that I am half inclined to humour thee.

SN. I hate the world ! Not I. I like the world : the world is a good world enough, but I think it might be better tenanted : and there is my quarrel with it.

WILL. Like the world ! Then thou never loved, as I have done ; thou never wert a soldier, and at the call of honour left and lost thy love ; nor laid on honour's bed, 'midst clay cold corse,  
whose

whose former tenants had just winged their glorious way to better worlds, by a too officious surgeon been restored to life and misery; long detained a prisoner by the protraction of a tedious war, thou never hast been robbed of a jewel, whose lustre could not long be hid, but caught some happier eye, and left thee, how, or for whom, thou ne'er could'st learn. While in that loss, the world, deprived of all that could to thee beam lustre in it, became a dull, dreary, dismal flat. And might I chuse my station in it; —

SN. Instead of a half-pay officer, you would be a field marshal, I suppose.

WILL. I would be master of that little white, snug, straw-thatched house, with hay-ricks round it; which you remember I have oft admired.

SN. And once stopped your Horse, and with a sigh exclaimed, Oh, that I was as happy as the tenant of that straw-thatched shed!

WILL. Aye, and I could now repeat the exclamation. And, as I know not how soon business may call me hence; there will I take my ride to day, 'tis in my way to Melville's, and feast my eyes with a farewell look at it.

'Tis

'Tis not to those,  
 Who court repose  
 On beds of down, in rooms of state,  
 That sleep unlocks her ivory gate.  
 In the turf-built shed,  
 On the straw-made bed,  
 Her wreath impales th' unpillow'd head.  
 SN. She visits the straw, she visits the down,  
 Impartial alike to the courtier, and clown,  
 Cries Content, as she smote her soft breast;  
 But by either alike unconfined,  
 It is here, that you only will find  
 The moments of ease, and the blessing of rest.

*Scene changes to Mr. Melville's*

## SCENE XI.

MELVILLE. EMILIA.

MEL. Emilia, you have of late appeared to me less chearful, than you used to be.

EM. I might appear so, Sir; because I have thought that you of late seemed more than usually thoughtful. And if I were not interested in all you felt, I should ill deserve your goodness.

MEL. And are you happy in your situation?

EM.



EM. The question hurts me, Sir. For if I be not ; I am either the most ungrateful of women, or the most unreasonably dissatisfied.

MEL. Then why wish to change it ?

EM. You, Sir, have always been, not in the distant relation of an uncle, but a parent to me.

MEL. Emilia, I am neither.—

EM. Not my parent,—not my uncle,—what, no relation !—

MEL. And yet perhaps, I love you, Emily, dearly as if I were.

EM. What claim have I either to your goodness, or your love ?—Alas ! who am I ?

MEL. My loved Emilia, my tender friend : and in such character regarding me, am I indifferent to you ?

EM. You, you indifferent to me ! the guardian of my infant years, the protector of my youth : to whom I look up with filial reverence, with filial love.

MEL. Mr. Belmour, Emily, hath declared his passion for you : Mr. Ramble hath done the same. I have objections to both.

EM. To Belmour ?

MEL. Why would you wrest further explanations from me ?—I cannot bear to part with you.

EM. We scarcely part. Belmour's residence is so very near. (*servant enters and gives a letter*

B

to



*to Melville, which he reads.)* Some busy tongue, I find, has been traducing Belmour's spotless name. (*aside.*)

MEL. This line requires an answer. It comes from Mr. Ramble. (*he sits down to write.*) (*Emilia going.*) I shall not be a minute.

EM. I will return, Sir, in a minute.

## SCENE XII.

MELVILLE.

MEL. (*after answering the letter which he gives to a servant.*) Come, Melville, let me probe thy heart. Thou sayest it is not love's impassioned appetite, that ties thee to Emilia. What is it then? The tenderness of friendship. Doth friendship make thy house a desert, when Emilia is not there? Would not the heart of friendship beat high, to make her great in Ramble's addresses, or happy in Belmour's love?—Oh, shame, shame, Melville! reflect on fifty; and then look on Emily's bloom at scarcely twenty.—'Tis dotage.—Yes, Emilia, thou art free.—And Melville, if he can be himself, shall be content to see thee happy. But here she comes: and at a glance I feel my resolution melt.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

MELVILLE. EMILIA.

MEL. Belmour's residence, I think you observed, was near. But I would have you nearer to me.

EM. Not knowing what I am, I know not how to answer you.

MEL. Hear me then. One fatal indiscretion marked my youth: and planted in my breast a scorpion; which ever since I have fed with sighs and tears. You oft have heard me speak of Summerwell, and my Emilia; whose dear remembrance I cherished in your name.

EM. I have: and oft have given the tribute tear to your sad tale of hapless love.

MEL. Oh, she was dear to me, as are the ruddy drops of life. She did all charms possess, but those the world hold high, fortune and birth. To satisfy a parent's solicitude to break such a connection, I consented to go abroad; but privately took my Emilia with me. My father's illness suddenly called me home. Emilia's situation would not suffer her to accompany me. I left her at Boulogne. That place, I learned, she left  
B 2 abruptly.

abruptly. But why, or whither she removed, I never to this hour could learn.

EM. Alas, Emilia, what didst thou by falshood forfeit, or misfortune lose, in the affection of the worthy Melville!

MEL. Of this sad tale enquire no further.

EM. If such be your commands. And yet—

MEL. Then hear me on. Deep melancholy from that time clouded my days. Early one morning, as my custom was, I shap'd my pensive step to the alcove; that with Emilia's presence once was wont to shine so golden gay. Bedded on flowers, there lay a pair of lovely babes. They smiled on me; and, as I reached my hand, with rival grasp they seem'd to seize my finger.

EM. Sure gracious providence did so direct them to claim your pity to a friendless pair.

MEL. So thought I, Emily; and freely gave it: and their growing years soon won my love. Though busy was the hand of time to bury my misfortunes; the scenes of Summerwell would not let them die. Every object round brought my loved Emily to my galled remembrance. I therefore left the place: and, more freely to indulge my solitude, took in this distant spot this house, called Melville Lodge; and from the house assumed the borrowed name I bear. And to obtain you, (*Emily starts*) in the neighbourhood

hood respect : yourself and brother I adopted by the title of sister's children. But, Emily, I never had a sister. And now, Emilia, tell me, who has thy love : Belmour, or Melville ?

EM. Alas ! alas ! your goodness has undone me. Oh, had some hand, less exercised in noble acts than your's, with painful drudgery marked my youthful years !

MEL. Wrong me not, Emilia. I did not lift you up ; to make your fall the greater. Nor ask I more, than it is in your power to give.

EM. So very poor am I, that I have nought to give. My love, my gratitude to you, rises, forgive it, Heaven ! almost to adoration. Yet I will not blush to own, I have in all the purity of spotless innocence long loved Belmour ; but never knew till now how much I loved him.

MEL. Emily, you never had a rival in my heart : the reflection pains me, that I should have one in your's. But you are free. Consult your reason.

EM. When o'er the gently flowing tides,  
While soft the gale,  
That swells the sail,

The weak frail bark of woman rides ;  
The mind undisturb'd, and passion asleep,  
Reason will pilot us over the deep.



But when, clouded the skies,  
 Dread tempests arise,  
 And that tempest of love, we dread most ;  
 The pilot is blinded,  
 The helm is not minded,  
 And this way, and that way, the vessel is tofs'd :  
 It rocks, and it reels,  
 It bulges, it heels.  
 It founders at last, and is lost.

Heaven knows how closely knitted to my heart  
 your goodness, your image is. — I cannot, will  
 not leave you. Oh teach me only to make  
 Belmour easy.

MEL. Young men are apt to look more  
 ways, than one. So tell Belmour, Emily, in ta-  
 king you he marries one, whose only dowry is the  
 superior charms, that lavish nature gave her.

#### SCENE XIV.

EMILIA.

EM. Could I commit an outrage against the  
 generous Belmour, and conceive so meanly of  
 him, as to think that would give him ease ; I  
 would tear him from my heart, even though the  
 struggle broke it.

The



The tigress, that with hunger stung  
 Leaves at home her callow brood,  
 To range the plain, or scour the wood,  
 If under covert of the night  
 She on some vagrant victim light,  
 Springs on the trembling stray ;  
 And purpled o'er  
 With sylvan gore  
 Homeward she measures back her way,  
 Homeward she bears the mangled prey,  
 Regardful of her young.  
 Ah ! whence then let reflection say,  
 From whence is poor Emilia sprung ?

## SCENE XV.

BELMOUR. EMILIA.

BEL. Lovely mourner, say,  
 In that chrystal sluice  
 What fiend could ere produce  
 The herald drop of grief ;  
 And love shall wipe the pearly drop away :  
 Or sympathy try,  
 By the breath of a sigh,  
 The pleasure to share  
 Of dividing the care,  
 And wafting a gale of relief.

EM. O Belmour, Belmour ! (*throws herself into his arms.*)

BEL. What means my love ? Speak, dear Emilia : and let me heal thy griefs, or share them.

EM. No : they are all I have : and I will be so great a churl with them, they shall be all my own.

BEL. Unkind Emilia ! Do I merit this ? Of such cobweb texture were our plighted vows ?

EM. They are dissolved, not broken.

BEL. Distraction ! whither doth this riddle tend ? — Where is your uncle ?

EM. I have no uncle.

BEL. I am sorry, there is so much reason for thy tears. When lost the world that worthy, generous man ?

EM. Long, long may he live to bless the world ! He is only lost to me.

BEL. Blisters seize the tongue, that has maligned to him my Emily's name !

EM. Take heed : — no longer thy Emilia. Leave me, leave me, Belmour ; and be happy.

BEL. Impossible. So closely twined together in my mind are the ideas of happiness and my Emilia.

EM. There is a tale, will separate them. I am fallen, Belmour, fallen far beneath the niece of worthy Melville.

BEL. When thou forgettest thy vows, and  
hurlest

hurlest thy Belmour from thee ; thou indeed art fallen.

EM. Hear me, Belmour. My heart is thine : and never, never will I knit it with another. Yet I must ne'er be thine. Take one more worthy of thee.

BEL. I cannot.

EM. I know you can.

BEL. How ? — Where ? — Why ? — Are not thy charms the same ? — Is there a hidden speck upon thy mind, that was not yesterday ?

EM. One answer serves for all. Mr. Melville bade me tell thee, and with more sternness than I e'er experienced from him, in taking me you took a portionless, poor, girl.

BEL. Is there the rub ? Then all is well. For portionless and poor, I will not bate a jot of all my hopes. Portionless, and poor, Emilia ! No : fortune, that cannot make thee richer than thou art, can never make thee poor.

Wealth, I own, is worth possessing,  
Prolific source of many a blessing :  
To charm the taste, the eye to please,  
Ambition's wand, the chair of ease,  
Are hers : which take who will for me ;  
For I have all in Emily.

EM.

EM. Generous Belmour ! But it must not be.

BEL. No doubts, Emilia. By the last mail I have received notice of the remittance of my fortunes from the east, the earnings of my gallant father, in drafts for twenty thousand pounds, on the French East India Company : accompanied with further news of joy, importing that my friend, your brother, was alive. The fortune is not great : not great enough, to make us happy, but to keep us so.

EM. Alas, poor George alive ! then he has yet a bitter cup to drink.

BEL. What means Emilia ?

EM. A tale ; that, low as thou hast heard me fallen, must sink me lower.

BEL. No tale can sink thee low.

EM. That I, and my poor brother, are two deserted needy foundlings : even from our birth exposed to the mercy of the rude elements, and ruder world.

BEL. 'Tis false.

EM. Sustained by the benevolence of a stranger : and that in our humble veins doth course no drop of blood allied to that of Melville.

BEL. Who told thee this ?

EM. My uncle—ah me ! I have no uncle.

BEL. Spring thee from whence thou mayest, thy blood runs purer, nobler far, than his ; who  
taunts



taunts the poor deserving object of his favour with mean repetitions of it.

EM. Oh, spare thy harsh surmises. I have drank deeply of his bounty.

BEL. And I will thank him for it; thank him for all his favours: most for the blest occasion he hath given me of telling my Emilia, how much I love her; of telling him, of telling all the world, 'twas Emily, the charming Emily I loved; and not the niece of Melville. Cheer up, Sweet Excellence; and for an uncle lost, uncle, and husband shalt thou find in me. We will to church tomorrow, tomorrow morning, Emily. Not a day longer shalt thou bear on his benevolence.

EM. Be not too warm. Think, Belmour. Take one more worthy of thee.

BEL. Unkind Emilia!

EM. Nay, but think:—when envy stirs the flaunting dames around, for all will envy me my Belmour's love, how will they toss their heads, and look ascant, with supercilious sneer, at Belmour's low-born wife! ah, how will then thy generous spirit bear the galling gibe?

BEL. As one, who feels thy charms, and knows their value. (*servant enters.*)

SER. Mr. Ramble, Madam, is below, and begs the honor of waiting on you.

EM. I will attend him. (*exit servant.*)

BEL. Is Ramble then my rival? A powerful one,

one, I own. Yet will I not fear to leave my Emily with him. What would my rival more? Adieu, my dear Emilia! Expect me in the evening.

EM. And in the mean time——

In my absence still possess me.

BEL. As in presence I carest thee.

EM. For my smiles, and my tears,  
My pains, and my pleasure ——

BEL. For my hopes, and my fears,  
My loss, and my treasure ——

Both { When absent I feel, and when present I see,  
All are derived from, and centred in, thee.

## SCENE XVI.

RAMBLE.

RAM. Now plague on my folly, that has drawn me into so ridiculous a situation! I know no more how to act, than my groom. I suppose I am to be very distant, mighty polite, and prodigiously ceremonious: and all this, while alone with one of the finest girls I know. I will try.— But I shall never hold out. Here she comes.—

What

What a pair of eyes!—Impossible to keep my lips to myself; and my tongue within proper bounds.

SCENE XVII.

EMILIA. RAMBLE.

RAM. Madam, I have the honour to kiss your hands. I hope, I do not intrude on any engagement.

EM. The visits of Mr. Melville's friends can never be intrusive here. I am sorry he is not himself at home.

RAM. I should indeed regret his absence, in any other proxy than yourself.

EM. You do me honour.

RAM. Such as your charms exact. And, pity! They should, like the snow-drop, be destined to blossom only in this obscure retreat.

EM. The obscurity of the spot so exactly suits the temper of my mind; that I would not change it for the meridian of a court.

RAM. When you shall become acquainted with that meridian; your opinion of this, I trust, will change.

EM. Mr. Melville is, I think, too fond of retirement

tirement himself, ever to occasion me the dangerous experiment.

RAM. That, Madam, will be a husband's province. Husband ! What a mouthfull ! I thought it would have choaked me. (*aside.*)

EM. You are disposed to be merry.

RAM. Never more serious in my life. And to be plain, my business, in the honour I now do my self, is of a very serious nature. I have already advanced so far in it, as to have told you, what your glass tells you every day, that you are a very charming creature. And I have now to add, that I am most bewitchedly in love with you.

EM. From you, Sir, who are ever mingling with the blaze of beauties that shine in the greater world, you will excuse me listening to such gallantry. (*going.*)

RAM. Oh, upon my life, you must not stir. (*taking hold of her hand.*) I have not yet told half my tale.

EM. Must not !—What do you mean, Sir ? (*pulls her hand from him.*)

RAM. To say further, that I am determined to marry you ; to whirl you up to London, to shew you balls, routs, and masquerades, to refine your ideas, and form your taste to so exquisite a degree ; as to enable you, when we return to purling streams, and whispering breezes, to surprize and



and entertain your country neighbours with fetes champetres, and rural masquerades.

EM. Condescending Sir! My head turns giddy at the flattering ideas you have suggested. But as you have already taken the liberty on your part to determine; will you not give me leave to determine on mine?

RAM. By no means, you dear little rogue. Mr. Melville has done all that for you. The whole business is settled; and I am commissioned by him, by way of form, to demand your hand and heart. (*takes hold of her hand, which she pulls from him.*) Then we will live, and love.—I will teach you, how.

EM. My heart is gone.

RAM. Then I will try to find it. (*lays hold on her.*)

EM. Not quite so familiar, if you please, Sir. For know that he, who does possess my heart, will guard it.

RAM. The martial Belmour, I suppose. Aye, the army, a wife, or any thing, to bolster up his waning fortunes.

EM. I find the quarter, from whence Mr Melville's account of Belmour comes. (*aside.*) Be Belmour what he may, he has my heart. And would you merit my esteem,—

RAM. I will take your hand without it.

EM. So would not Belmour do.

RAM.



RAM. He could not. 'Tis transferred already  
by Mr. Melville, and accepted by your humble  
Servant.

So pray you have done, my good lady ;  
No more of your bouncing, and whining :

The time is too pressing

To love and careffing,

To the joys of possessing,

To be wafted in wooing,

In billing and cooing ;

I offer no courtship, 'tis marriage I bring.

The lawyers are waiting, the parchment is ready ;

And nothing is wanting, but sealing and signing,

The chaunt of the priest, and the charm of the ring.

*End of the First Act.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Ramble Hall.*

RAMBLE. SAYWELL.

RAM. Where is the use of a fortune, if it do not put a man above the restraints, that tie the vulgar down?

SAY. If when you have a mind to indulge an eccentric whim, an old gray-beard is to call you to order; where is the difference between you who have a fortune, and me that have none?

RAM. I did but say a civil thing the other day to Farmer Butters's wife: and the old Put cried out, "hands off, Sir."

SAY. Had I been there, I would have cried, "hark forward, Sir:" have blocked up his windows, and given you an opportunity of taking his wife through the door.

RAM. But the first object, you know, is my affair with Harriet. How stands that business?

SAY. In a very hopeful way: as thus. Snap arrests Drill on the four hundred pounds bond, which by your direction I lent him.

C

RAM.

**RAM.** But how is that to forward my affair with Harriet? The farmer goes to gaol; and Harriet to some of her friends.

**SAY.** Friends on those occasions are not so very forward. Indeed, my good Sir, we must keep to our separate departments. You are very well at the executive part of an intrigue: but you are no designer. Mark me. The farmer, with a prison before his eyes, makes proposals for settling the affair, and keeping out of the pound. I have no objection to it. You want a young person to superintend your family. Harriet is the very thing. The bond is cancelled, and Harriet is yours.

**RAM.** The engraftment on the bond is good. But will not the fruit take too long in ripening?

**SAY.** None at all. The bond is due. Snap is at his post. And I have at this moment a serpent, in a very matron-like shape, doing the office of temptation in Harriet's ear.

**RAM.** Thou dexterous minister of a man of pleasure's state, how shall I reward thee?

**SAY.** And when you come down to look at your estates; Mrs. Butters is a nice piece of flesh and blood, and will serve very well for country business.

**RAM.** Excellent caterer. But still you know, another labour waits my Hercules.

**SAY.** I understand you: Emilia. I have studied her points: and that affair too is in train. But she  
is a

is a high mettled dame, and should my plan fail, must be carried by a coup de main.

RAM. Illustrious general !

SAY. It is the part of a great commander, in case of a check to be prepared with resources. And for that purpose I have engaged a couple of handy fellows from Tipperary. And a post-chaise and four, east, west, north, or south will in two hours put her in your possession.

RAM. Thou prince of Paphian satellites, how does thy genius soar ! However from this labour I thought to have relieved thee : and to have taken Melville's niece for better or worse, by way of barter.

SAY, You do not mean to marry ?

RAM. Do not be afraid for your profession. Emilia might have served for a month or two, to foil upon in the autumn ; while you were beating about the country for my winter's regale. But thou hast shewn thy genius in a good discernment : for even matrimony could not purchase her. But, de tout mon cœur. Pleasure is my object : and if that queen of pleasure, Love, be impregnable in one fortress, I will attack her in another.



Money is the lawyer's aim,  
 The soldier's is renown,  
 The poet's is to woo the nine  
 Celestials of Parnassus.

As to myself,  
 I care not for pelf :  
 As freely I own,  
 I seek not a name,  
 In the annals of fame :  
 To the choir of Apollo my claim I resign,  
 Nor court a coy muse for a whimsical dream ;  
 The garden of pleasure is my Academe,  
 And my muses are flesh and blood lasses.

*(servant enters.)*

SER. Farmer Butters, Sir, would be glad to speak to you.

RAM. Shew him in. *(exit servant.)* Now, Saywell, mind : civility is the word.

## SCENE II.

RAMBLE. SAYWELL. BUTTERS.

RAM. Well, Master Butters, whatever errand brought you here, I am glad to see you.

BUT. Indeed, your honour, I wish it were a better : for I am sorry to inform you, that your pointer dog has mistaken my lambs for a covey  
 of

of partridges, and made woeful havock amongst them.

SAY. Are you sure, Farmer, it was his honour's dog?

BUT. Yes, Mr. Saywell, I am: I know all his honour's puppies. I have got the ruffian in the stable, taken in the very act. There is another puppy or two of his: I should not care, if I had them as safe.

RAM. No matter, Farmer: do not be violent. I will call on you, and see what mischief is done: and you shall have satisfaction. (*rings the bell.*) You will take some refreshment before you go.

BUT. Thank your honour.

RAM. (*to a servant who enters.*) Take care of Master Butters.

### SCENE III.

RAMBLE. SAYWELL.

SAY. Now for a Machiavilian stroke. Let Ned make the farmer drunk, and put him to bed. And I will take care to watch him; while you go, and settle the damages with Mrs. Butters.

RAM. Thy fertile imagination, Saywell, outstrips my darings. I am not Machiavilian enough for a cool deliberate act of rascality. When on

the spur of passion, thou knowest I want no other spur. And this I will say for thee, I never knew thee use the check rein with me.

#### SCENE IV.

SAYWELL.

SAY. Passion is a mettled steed;  
 We ministers of joy,  
 Who ride,  
 Who guide,  
 To give it speed,  
 The spur, and not the rein, employ.  
 And if, thus urged in pleasure's chace,  
 Th' impassion'd youth grow lean and poor;  
 We riders shew a sleeker face,  
 We touch the glittering ore,  
 'Tis we, that win the race.

#### SCENE V.

*Changes to Former Drill's*

HARRIET. CICELY.

HAR. Tell that villain Saywell, if he ever more insult me with his letters; I will expose him

him as his villainy deserves. Do you know the contents of the letter you gave me ?

CIC. Oh, not a word of them : not I : no more than the maid in the moon.

HAR. It was then to inform me, that Mr. Ramble had an estate.

CIC. Aye, and a fine one too. That is true enough.

HAR. And that my father's situation might render me in want of one.

CIC. Humph !

HAR. That he would be happy to remove those wants, domestic misfortunes might have created.

CIC. There was no harm in that.

HAR. If I would comply with his proposals.

CIC. That is, I suppose, in an honourable way.

HAR. If they were honourable, as I believe them base ; I would spurn them from me. You may have forgotten Greville. I never can.

CIC. Oh, no ; I have not forgotten Mr. Greville. He was a charming young gentleman. But poor soul ! He is most likely turned into a fish long before this.

HAR. You mean, I suppose, in leaving me, and going to sea, he shewed himself so cold a lover.

CIC. I mean, he has most likely long ere this seen the bottom of the sea ; been picked up



by a fish, and that fish picked up by another ; till there is more fish, than flesh, about him.

HAR. And so, Cicely, — I understand you.

CIC. Nay, nay, Miss Harriet, I say nothing ; but I am sure, one live lover is worth fifty dead ones.

HAR. But I would have thee know ; I would not give my dead Greville for all the living Rambles, this fine gay world can shew.

## SCENE VI.

CICELY.

CIC. Harriet is right in her suspicions. I would be honest ; but my heart has got a weak corner in it.—I know of old, it has : a-h! (*sighs*) and gold and glitter always found it out.

## SCENE VII.

SAYWELL. CICELY.

SAY. Good Cicely!

CIC. Honest Saywell!

SAY. And thou hast worked her to our purpose?

CIC. I have at last worked her to a resolution — But in good truth I had a world of trouble.

SAY.

SAY. Thou excellent piece of nature ! Why I swear, thou lookest quite young and blooming. Huffy, how your eyes glisten !—Let me bufs thee for thy feats. (*kisses her.*) And as soon as we get to town, depend on it I will find business that shall bring thy talents into play.

CIC Pooh ! Old women, Mr. Saywell, are not to be fobbed off with kisses.

To little misfs  
A melting kifs  
May be a titillation :  
It is so new,  
It is the cue  
To love and inclination.

But soon as a woman has pass'd the teen,  
So heightened her appetite then is too keen  
For love's meagre diet a kifs :  
The billing conceit with a sneer she disdains,  
With her eye speaks a wish, and a hope entertains  
Of some pledge more substantial of blifs.

SAY. All that is very true. A very little knowledge of old women will teach it. And yet to make further demands, is a little unconscionable. (*aside.*)

CIC. That was a pretty bird's nest, as you called it, which you shewed me yesterday, with all its eggs in it.

SAY. Oh, is that all ? (*aside.*) Aye, so it was.  
And

And there it is, Mrs. Cicely, at your service.  
(*gives her a purse.*) And so Harriet, you say, has  
at last resolved.

CIC. Never to have any thing more to say  
either to you, or Mr. Ramble.

SAY. Why you old hag, you traitress, you  
devil!

CIC. Nay, stop that honeyed tongue. And  
blessings light upon those sweet, sweet lips, and  
all the sugared kisses.

SAY. Go in, you old toad; and bid Drill come  
hither. I will clear the house of every one of  
you.

### SCENE VIII.

SAYWELL. SNAP.

SAY. Are you prepared?

SN. Charged, cocked, and primed. I only  
want the word of command. Is the farmer worth  
powder?

SAY. He can settle the business, whenever he  
pleases.

SN. Then I will have no bowels with him.

SAY. That is as much as to say, you some-  
times have.

SN. When the bird has no feathers on it, and  
there

there is a great deal of trouble, and little pay ; then I have very great bowels indeed.

SAY. Drill, I must tell you, is not very rich. But then he has a pretty daughter.

SN. O—h ! (*puts his finger to his nose.*) Are you there, Mr. Saywell ? Yes, yes, I have settled many a business of this kind through a wife, or a daughter : sometimes for self, as I may say ; and sometimes for my employer. Then I suppose you would have me behave to Mr. Drill prettily, —mild, and tender-hearted.

SAY. By no means. Be your very self. For so shall we best enforce compliance. But here he comes. We will try fair means first. And if they fail ; I leave you. Then make ready, present, fire.

## SCENE IX.

SAYWELL. SNAP. DRILL.

SAY. Well, Master Drill, I hope you are now prepared to settle this business.

DR. And I hope, Mr. Saywell, you will give me a little time, to settle it.

SAY. Now I will tell you exactly, how the case stands between us. I borrowed the four hundred pounds, on purpose to accommodate you. This here gentleman knows it.

SN.



SN. Oh, upon my honour he did. And gave a huge premium in at the bargain.

SAY. I am now called on for it : and either you, or I, must go to prison.

DR. You know, you offered me the money, you pressed me to take it, you pointed out a speculation that has half ruined me, and now you are determined to compleat my destruction.

SAY. That is always the case, when pay-day comes. Is it not, Mr. Thingembob ?

SN. Why, as how I may say, it is pretty much the case. But is there no way to settle this matter ?

SAY. Yes there is ; and a very short one. Master Drill here has got a good clever daughter. Mr. Ramble is a gentlemen of vast fortune, is now in the country, and in want of a young person to superintend his family, and would be glad of Miss Drill. And four hundred pounds would be dirt to Mr. Ramble.

Of the power of woman to save, or destroy,  
Who has not heard ? King Tarquin she hurl'd  
From his throne ; she subverted old Troy ;  
And she lost poor Antonius the world.  
To the Sabines and Rome she gave peace ;  
She saved her old father of Greece ;  
And she may save you, if you will.  
So now, good Master Drill,

Of

Of the offer,  
 I proffer,  
 Think a little before you abuse it :  
 For you may depend  
 On the word of a friend,  
 That if you refuse it,  
 You'll repent it in vain ;  
 Nor ever,  
 O never,  
 Will have such an offer again.

DR. If Mr. Ramble have a particular attachment to my house ; there is my old housekeeper, Mrs. Cicely, whom you were hugging this morning ; I dare say she will be much at his honour's service.

SAY. I was hugging !—

DR. Yes, Master Saywell ; I saw a great deal of love pass between you.

SAY. Ah, Friend Drill, you are a fly rogue. And come, since you have found out my love for Cicely ; I will undertake to clear you of a load of evils at once. Miss Drill shall go to Mr. Ramble's ; I will throw the bond into the fire ; and take old Cicely in at the bargain. What say you, Farmer ?

DR. I say, I owe you four hundred pounds : or for your impudence I would kick you to —

SAY. Your daughter, I suppose. And I will try if I cannot with her strike a bargain.

SCENE

SCENE X

SNAP. DRILL.

SN. (*Drill going after Saywell.*) Stop, Sir, if you please.

DR. But I do not please.

SN. Then I must make you please.

DR. Who are you?

SN. Lord and master here.

DR. However if your lord and mastership do not quickly move off; I will call in a hand or two from the Barn, to shew you the horsepond.

SN. Hearke, friend, do you understand Greek?

DR. No: but I have spoken plain English. And you had best not force me to prove the truth of it.

SN. Why then lookye here, (*shews him a writ.*) one of the nicest, cleanest, finest manuscripts in all his majesty's libraries. — I will construe it to you. — Take David Drill's person and goods, &c. — at the suit of Simkin Saywell, Esq.

DR. O Sir, your servant. I did not know your consequence; any more than I do your name.

SN. My name, Sir, is Samuel Snap; very  
much

much at your service : a name pretty well known amongst knaves and fools by the distinguishing title of Captain Snap.

DR. I thank you for your explanation. And now, noble Captain, pray what are your commands with me ?

SN. Only that you take a place at my side in my pleasure cart : where we will jog soberly on to Shrewsbury gaol.

DR. I am prepared for that, Sir, and all Mr. Saywell can further do. And if it were an easement to your horse to know it ; I could tell him, that on such an occasion he never drew a lighter conscience.

SN. Ha, ha, ha ! my horse and I care equally about consciences. But as to your corporation, Master Drill, my horse mayhap might wish it was not quite so well liquored with October. The regimen however of Shrewsbury gaol will be a powerful corrector.

DR. Well, Sir, I have a few orders to give about my affairs ; and then I am ready.

SN. Aye, they need be very few : for I shall leave Mr. Saywell in possession of your goods and chattels.

DR. Does your authority go so far ?

SN. I am lord and master here. And then as to your daughter,—Saywell is a wild spark,—perhaps you had best not leave her with him.—

I would



I would rather advise you as a friend, for though as I told you I have no great portion of conscience about me, I am a man of very friendly feelings, I would rather advise you to send your daughter to his honour Ramble's.

DR. Villain, get out. (*offers to strike.*) Patience, patience !

To a prison damp and drear,  
To a dungeon's cell,  
To the cave of dread despair  
Bear hence the child of care :  
Yet shall conscious virtue's ray  
Dry up the courting tear,  
Sooth sorrow's silent swell :  
And damps and darkness chase away  
From melancholy's chearless dome ;  
While I can strike an honest breast, and say,  
That all is well at home.

# SCENE XI.

SAYWELL. SNAP. DRILL.

SAY. What, all this time ; and nothing done ?

SN. Yes, every thing is done. There is only a little demur about the disposal of the farmer's daughter.

SAY.

SAY. I am astonished at the repugnance of his good sense, and contracted notions. Does not he know, that daughters are sold for worse purposes every day, and by great folks too?

DR. Indeed I do not: and am happy in my ignorance.

SAY. Not so ignorant neither. You know well enough, great folks do not marry now-a-days, as you and your old Deborah might have done forty years ago, for love and liking. Money, money, money is the business. Are they not married this year, decorate the fond spouse's forehead the next; grow brazen, and are discovered the third; obtain divorces on the fourth; and the fifth are married again? The round is as regular, as "War begets Poverty, Poverty Peace;" and might serve as well as that for the motto of an almanack.

## SCENE XII.

HARRIET. SAYWELL. SNAP. DRILL.

HAR. O my father, my father! You shall not go: you shall not leave me.

SN. Come, come, Miss; none of this foolery: we must be moving. I have other business on my hands.

HAR. Villains, you shall not separate us.

DR. Be composed, my Child: all will be well.

D

SAY.

SAY. So it may: for this young lady has it in her power, most advantageously to settle every thing.

DR. Accomplished Rascal, that she never shall.

HAR. Can I save my father?

SAY. Aye, and will not do it.

HAR. O could my griefs, O might my pain  
A respite to my parent gain  
From fell oppression's rage;  
My ease, my joys would I resign,  
Pleased to redeem with loss of mine  
The tranquil joys of age.

SAY. I will teach you, Miss Harriet, how to do it; and on much easier terms. Only take upon you the management of Mr. Ramble's family, ride in his chariot, command his servants: and we will dispatch the Captain on his other business.

DR. No, vile Instrument, she has been taught other lessons. She may say, her father was unfortunate: but never, never shall she say, or hear it said, her father was a villain.

SAY. Come, come, Snap; you know your business.

SN. Aye, aye; along.

HAR. O spare; good Saywell, spare my father.

SAY. 'Tis you, that will not spare him.

HAR.

HAR. I would give my life to spare him.

DR. But not your virtue, Harriet.

SAY. Where is your duty?

DR. Where is your innocence?

SAY. Where the affection to a father due?

DR. Where the love to the fond faithful Greville?

HAR. I will, I will save my father.

DR. Take care, Harriet, what you do. I am not your father.

SAY. Why, Farmer, you are delirious.

SN. I think so too.—I am off however: and he may take his choice of Shrewsbury gaol, or Bedlam.

HAR. One minute, good, sweet Sir, by all the feelings of humanity.

### SCENE XIII.

SAYWELL. SNAP. DRILL.

SAY. Now, Farmer, rail no more either at your stars, or us. They gave you a handsome daughter; we would have taken her security, and you would not let her give it.

DR. Yes, Heaven has given me a virtuous child; and will I am sure protect her.



SAY. 'Tis plain you like a prison.

SN. But the young lady seemed to say, she had thought better of it.

SAY. And if she do not ; either he, or I, must have one.

SCENE XIV.

SAYWELL. SNAP. DRILL. WILLIAMS.

SAY. And pray, friend, what brought you hither ?

WILL. The cry of distress : for I am a man.

DR. I am afraid, Sir, it was my daughter's cry ; and ask your pardon for her.

SAY. Did you not just now say, she was not your daughter ?

DR. I did. But I have adopted her : and say again, that she shall not be sacrificed.

WILL. And it is well said, honest Bluff. And as the impulse of humanity, and not mere curiosity, hath made me a party in this fray ; pray may I know the real cause of all the bustle ?

DR. 'Tis short, Sir. And I was ready at first to settle it. Those gentlemen are come to take me to gaol ; unless my child will redeem me by the sacrifice of her innocence to their great and base employer. And I am ready to attend them.

WILL.

WILL. What, for the protection of an adopted child?

SAY. Right, Sir: a likely matter. There is more in the wind, than we are aware of.

WILL. And who is her real father?

DR. A gallant officer: who nobly fell in the defence of his country; and left her to the world, one worthy friend, and me.

WILL. Sayest thou so, old Ploughshare? Then take me into the firm; and make me a fourth in it. And having got so far into the business, let us next know the amount of the demand.

SAY. (I do not know, what you have to do either with the business, or the demand.)

SN. I know, I will wait no longer.

WILL. I say, Farmer; what is the demand?

DR. Ah, Sir; it is too much: four hundred pounds.

SN. Aye and fifty to that.

WILL. (*turns aside, takes his pocket book out of his pocket, and gives some notes to Drill.*) There, I believe, you will find notes for five hundred pounds. Pay the demand on you, and kick those worthy gentlemen a little before their time to the — (*Williams hastily and abruptly goes away, as Harriet enters in a riding dress.*)

## SCENE XV.

SAYWELL. SNAP. DRILL. HARRIET.

HAR. Now, my dear Father, I am ready. Still, still they shall not separate us. Our prison will be a palace, while I tend you in it.

DR. Come to my bosom, my dear Harriet. Heaven, Heaven has heard thy dutious prayers; and in a stranger's shape sent our good genius hither. Look here. (*shews the notes.*) Look there. (*points to Saywell and Snap.*)

HAR. Gracious Heaven! This all is thy mysterious work. And was that our deliverer, who as I entered, shot like lightening hence: as if, like all the world, he shunned the mournful mansion of adversity?

DR. Yes, Harriet, he stole into affliction's dwelling, with more than virgin bashfulness wiped the tear away, then fled, as if afraid to meet the eye of gratitude.

HAR. So when his energetic powers  
The genial sun displays;  
Matures the fruit, and paints the flowers  
With his meridian blaze:

The

The Persian bends, intent to pay  
 His tribute praise at closing day  
 To the empyreal light ;  
 Who steals away, and shuns his praise,  
 Veiling his resplendent rays  
 Beneath the shades of night.

## SCENE XVI.

EMILIA. HARRIET.

EM. How does my Harriet ? I grieve for her misfortunes, which I have just learned ; and come to mingle with her social tears. I wish I could do more.

HAR. Thanks to my kind friend. But a stranger's hand hath dried up mine.

EM. Shame, shame on friendship ! But however directed, that generous act hath wiped away some drops of mine.

HAR. There are secret movements in this world's machine ; that by some invisible direction dry up tears and rivers, and convert storms and sorrows into sunshine.

EM. So says the flatterer hope.

SER. (*Servant enters.*) Mr. Belmour wishes to speak to Miss Greville. (*exit Servant.*)

EM. Belmour ! — my heart misgives me. — Why pursue me hither ?

D 4

HAR.



HAR. His name and happiness are so closely twined; he can pursue Emilia only with news of joy.

EM. Not if he come from my — alas! from Mr. Melville.

## SCENE XVII.

BELMOUR.

BEL. Sad is the prospect, that displays  
Of hope no flattering beam;  
Yet more distressful are the flatterer's rays,  
When shining with delusive gleam:  
But wretched he beyond compare,  
Whose fairest hope is but despair.

If Emilia listen to the suit, which honour, gratitude, and even affection bid me urge; misery marks me for her own. If she reject it; I consign her to ruin, whom I would die to render happy.

## SCENE XVIII.

BELMOUR. EMILIA.

EM. What brings my Belmour here?

BEL. A tale of woe. Which has in object  
to pre-

to prevent a step, that might with Mr. Melville injure you : for he alas, must be your anchor still !

EM. What does my Belmour mean ?

BEL. He means, Emilia, but knows not how to say it, he must ne'er be thine.

EM. Thou didst not mean, thou didst not say it. Or, if thou didst, the vain unbodied words are all dissolved in air : and, Belmour, thou still art, still shalt be, mine. Be mine !—Oh no : for I am abject, poor, and mean. What right have I to call the generous Belmour mine ?

BEL. Do not thus wring my heart.

EM. And yet you knew me, Belmour, even when you gave your plighted vows to me, and swore you loved me. But enough : your oaths, your vows, that you did live for me, I give you back.

BEL. And all your promises of mutual love, and constancy to me, I do resign. I am not what I was.

EM. Oh, no, no, no : for thou wert in my mind the finished, fair exemplar of the man, a virgin's pen in wantoness of fancy might figure for the object of her love. Did prudence prompt this change then, or some fair with soul-entangling wiles —

BEL. Contain thyself ; and I will own, it was a female wrought it.

EM. Belmour, ah ! Belmour, hadst thou  
known

known my heart, hadst thou, oh! hadst thou ever loved as I do; thou wouldst have been more gentle, and deceived me. Thou wouldst have coined some other plea. Methinks, had avarice, or ambition, under guise of prudence, wrought this change, I could have borne it. But a rival in thy love.—

BEL. She, that hath shaken my soul's soft purposes —

EM. Aye, who is she?

BEL. Gigantic is her form: a hundred hands she brandishes; and every hand doth launch a baleful bolt. Horror is in her eye; and desolation on her step attends. The caitiff victim of her power all shun: even friendship shuns him: Love, Emilia; Love should shun him too. Men call her name, Misfortune. Read this. (*gives a letter, which Emilia reads.*)

S I R,

I am sorry to inform you of the bankruptcy of the French East India Company: on which bottom your property was lodged, and all is lost.

Yours,

Peter Duquesne.

BEL. When the sun and the shower  
From the bud call the flower,

Whose

Whose fragrance impregnates the air;  
 With the gay eye of pleasure,  
 Pomona's rich treasure.

We view in the blossom so fair.  
 Till the keen and searching blast  
 Our bright sun of hope o'ercaſt;  
 And the clouds, in anger toſt,  
 Shooting hailſtones, arm'd with froſt,  
 Of all our fair proſpects the ruin compleat,  
 And ſhatter the blossom ſo fair, and ſo ſweet.

Melville, Emilia, is a worthy man: obey him,  
 forget Belmour, and be happy.

EM. Pleads Belmour thus?

BEL. I do, I urge thee to it. Nay, if thou  
 wilt comply; I further promiſe, that I will try to  
 forget thee. Or when I do remember thee, the  
 pleaſing thought, that thou art happy, will ſooth  
 all my woes: and thus, if I forget thee not, Emi-  
 lia; remembering thee, I ſhall forget my cares.

EM. My Belmour!—For I now will call thee  
 mine; nor ſhall the racks of fortune tear me  
 hence, while I have power to hold. Her random  
 hand again hath levelled all diſtinction 'twixt us.

BEL. Not ſo, Emilia: thou mayeſt riſe again.  
 And I—the word is wide.—

EM. And will contain us both.

BEL. Ah! But there muſt be elbow room for  
 thee;



thee; for one so softly, delicately bred: thou art not formed to struggle in a crowd.

EM. Aided by love and thee, thou dost not know, I know not my own powers: My sex's pride, my education's wants, I could forget; to be companion of thy lowest state.

BEL. And because thou art true, shall I be cruel? Because thy love doth single Belmour out; shall Belmour pull down ruin on thy head? Is this the love I bear my dear Emilia?

EM. And is thy Emily's love no better known to thee?

BEL. Had I the glance of hope, that I might ere be worthy so much goodness:—but I have none; no hope of happiness, but such as springs from hopes of thine. And with ungracious hand shall I pluck that fair bud? Forbid it, truth! Forbid it every power of gentle love! Determined as I am, thy cares alone can ere wound Belmour's soul beyond the power of bearing. Penury, and toil, the scoff of pity, and averted eye of friendship,—these, and what other shafts, if the rude world have shafts in deadlier poison steeped than these, shall lose their power on me. But thy pangs, sweet Emily, thy pangs would bend my soul.

EM. Fie, fie! thou dost not know me, Belmour. To toil and penury thou canst never stoop, but Emily will bend as low.

BEL.

BEL. Why then, together, Emily, we'll together go, and buffet with the storms a frowning world and poverty may raise.

In her carriage ambition unenvied shall roll,  
On dainties let luxury feast ;  
Be frugal my board, and humble my bowl,  
And love shall to both give a zest.

EM. Be the sickle, or sword alternate the care  
Of my soldier, my rustic ; his aim,  
To gather the corn, or to grapple for fame :  
If the field be his bed,  
I will watch at his head ;  
If a hut be his dome,  
I will welcome him home ;  
His labours, and dangers, I'll share.

*End of the Second Act.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Melville Lodge.*

BELMOUR.

BEL. Yes, I am resolved.—I will not cloud the prospects of Emilia. Now do I wish, that I could steal unseen to her, and bid my last adieu.

Gentle power of soft desire,  
That lovest retired to lead along  
Thy votary from the busy throng,  
My footsteps to Emilia bear,  
Shape my accents to her ear,  
Not wing'd with love's electric fire :  
With icy hand, and leaden dart,  
Benumb the softest warmest heart :  
And teach, in aid of my design,  
That heart to sympathize with mine ;  
While my faltering accents prove,  
I lose myself, to save my love.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

WILLIAMS. BELMOUR.

WILL. Belmour, well met. Prythee why so much care upon thy brow ?

BEL. On your's I am happy to see so little. And if I have taken the burthen from you ; the reflection will make my load the lighter. (*sighs.*)

WILL. But why that sigh ? It ill agrees with a bosom liberal and warm as Belmour's.

BEL. Breath'd I a sigh ? It stole out undesign'd. For indeed, as you intimate, my heart has generally contrived to keep on the windy side of care. But fortune sometimes blows so hard a gale. —

WILL. The brave man, Belmour, is above her reach.

Goddess of the lowering brow,  
With aspect stern, and iron heart ;  
In vain you string your adverse bow,  
In vain you launch th' envenom'd dart :  
With your shafts, and your venom in vain you assail  
The heart of the brave ; you will never prevail :  
Its temper is firmness, Adamantine its mail.

SCENE



## SCENE III.

MELVILLE. FIREBRACE. WILLIAMS.

MEL. My dear Sir, I am glad to find you here.  
—Col. Firebrace.—

WILL. And I once more to see the master of this hospitable mansion.—Your servant Sir. (*to Firebrace.*)

FIRE. Sir, your's. Is this the gentleman, Mr. Melville, you told me was in so bad a state of health? Upon my word, I think he wears on his countenance both health and spirits.

MEL. Why yes; 'faith, my friend looks, as if the north east wind had not blown so keen, as he apprehended.

WILL. In good truth, Mr. Melville, I begin to be ashamed of my querulous humours. Since we last parted, I have gained a great deal of knowledge. I have learned that there may be people in the world more miserable than myself: and that with a little look-out every man may find something worth living for.

The pathway of life is through weeds, and through flowers,  
 Its climate is sunshine, and showers :

The woodbine, the rose,

Each a flower is, that blows,

Emblematic of friend and of lover ;

The weeds will produce,

Though latent, their use,

That use it is ours to discover.

In the garland of life let us wreath then its flowers,

And their virtues extract from the weeds ;

Let us seize, and improve, as they run, the fleet hours,

And the darkest illumine by the blaze of our deeds.

*(Servant enters with newspapers and exit.)*

MEL. You may be surpris'd, Colonel, to see me so great a newsmonger. But the fact is, those papers are less for my own use, than that of my neighbours : who have a general invitation on a post-day, to take a cup of chocolate with me, and read them. And this I do, to give every man an opportunity of seeing what is going forward with his own eyes, and thereby prevent him from becoming the credulous dupe of a village orator. There is Mr. Snarle, I see, coming up the avenue.

FIRE. He is one of those sharp sighted gentry, who can see liberty endangered, if the minister chance to eat turtle in the city ; and plots and

E

treasons

treasons in a social dinner at the crown and anchor.

WILL. Ha, ha, ha! To our friend's character the colonel, I find, is no stranger.

FIRE. No, nor to his friend's; honest Peter Puff the pyeman. Pray how does Peter go on?

MEL. It is very possible you may soon spy him here, peeping about for his oracle: from whom as usual he retails politics at second hand, and serves them out with his penny pies at the neighbouring markets.

#### SCENE IV.

MELVILLE. WILLIAMS. FIREBRACE.  
SNARLE.

SN. Mr. Melville, your humble servant.—  
Col. Firebrace, I believe.—Sir, I am happy to  
meet you again. (*to Williams.*)

FIRE. At your service, Sir.

MEL. Mr. Snarle, I am glad to see you. And  
what news bring you.

SN. Why truly none.

MEL. That is not like yourself.

SN. Pray, have any of you heard any thing of  
Mr. Belmour?

MEL.

MEL. Why, have you any news of him?

FIRE. I knew he would not come with an empty budget.

WILL. I just now met him.

SN. Not quite so much the butterfly, as when you saw him last.

WILL. I met him, Snarle, with a cloud upon the brow, that nature formed for sunshine; if merit could command it.

SN. Aye, fortune is a jilting jade;

She cares a straw for no man:

All sunshine now, and now all shade,

She now will smile, anon will frown,

Now takes you up, now throws you down,

She loves to range,

Is given to change,

And is a very woman,

Poor fellow! I am sorry for him.

FIRE. Why?

SN. There is an ugly rumour.

FIRE. If against him; rumour lies.

SN. I am sure, I wish she may. It is said, his expectations from the East are shipwrecked. I have not heard the particulars.

WILL. So much the better. For then you



are the more at liberty to indulge fancy in framing them.

MEL. The papers, Gentlemen, I am afraid, are rather barren to day.

SN. The war however does its part towards filling them. It does rarely well too, Colonel, for you gentlemen of the cockade. But I do not know who else get any thing by it.

MEL. I think, Mr. Snarle, you are under some obligations to it, as a general subject of sarcasm. For I do not know what gentlemen, who carry a great deal of phlegm about them, would do without it.

SN. And to those, who want phlegm, it will supply it. A fine oak tree of your's Mr. Melville, I saw blown down, lying across the road as I came along. An ugly sight in such times as these: for whenever I see an oak tree fallen; I think of our poor navy.

FIRE. Never be afraid, Mr. Snarle, for our poor navy. When our last oak is fallen; we will build our ships in our enemy's docks.

MEL. Right, Colonel: We have some lords, that are excellent ship carpenters.

The Briton's best dock is the ocean at large,  
 His music the sweetest, that sounds to the charge.  
 His guns and his balls are the tools of his trade,  
 Which no courage can baffle, no art can evade.  
 Britannia is the word : sure magic is in it :

Till he come to close quarters, he chides the slow minute,

Blow briskly, ye gales,

And swell her proud sails ;

Now windward she wears,

Crowds her sails, and makes way,

Now downward she bears :—

See her lightening ! hark, her thunder !

While old Neptune beholds with delight, and with wonder,

His Britons build fleets in a day.

As to the loss of my tree however, I am sorry for it. But the war, Mr. Snarle, did not blow it down.

SN. The war, I believe, before it is over, will blow us all down.

MEL. Then it will at least have this good effect ; that it will bring us all to that summit of political happiness, equality.

SN. And pray, Colonel, what news do you bring from the camp ? Do you think the militia will fight.

FIRE. I know they will.

SN. Why, did you ever see them fight ?

FIRE. No ; but I have smelled powder abroad, and felt the force of balls. And there I

have seen our British lads fight gallantly. And if I take upon me to say, our militia troops know how to handle their arms ; I will leave you to say, why they should not fight here for every thing that is dear to them, as gallantly as they did in Flanders, where they had nothing to lose.

SN. Ha, ha, ha ! Every thing, that is dear to them !—What single thing, good Colonel, has a poor man to lose in England ?—Nothing, nothing : and they know it, Colonel.

MEL. I will tell you, Mr. Snarle, what a poor man, what the poorest has to lose.—His potatoe yard ; perhaps his pig ; perhaps his cow. He has his little cot to lose, a palace to him that never knew a better : he has the wife of his bosom ; his children, dear to him as the ruddy drops of life. And he has the security of the laws for all those comforts : the same security that fences the property of you and me.

SN. You are warm, Mr. Melville.

MEL. So I am. There are some topics, that make me foolishly so.

WILL. To wave the subject :—do you hear, Gentlemen, who is to be your new collector of the land-tax, in the room of Mr. Stamp ?

MEL. The Colonel, I believe, can inform you. It was the news of the camp, I understand, that we have him here. Did not you say, Colonel,

(pri-

(*privately beckoning Firebrace*) that Mr. Snarle was to be the man?

FIRE. That was the general report.

SN. I never heard a word of it.

FIRE. Through the interest, it was said, of—

MEL. Lord Ramble. And I thought it very likely : as I know his lordship always professed a great regard for Mr. Snarle.

SN. Quite new to me, indeed : quite unlooked for, I declare it.

WILL. I give you joy, Mr. Snarle, with all my heart.

MEL. And I.

FIRE. And I.

SN. I thank you, Gentlemen. But indeed it is more, than I could have looked for.

MEL. From henceforward, Mr. Snarle, I dare say you will think better of the cockade, than you have been used to do. War increases land-tax : and the increase of land-tax raises the collector's fees.

SN. Excuse me, Sir ; I have no quarrel with cockades and war, nor ever had. All I say is, that the best things may be abused.

WILL. So in truth they may ; as the paper I hold in my hand testifies ; even the choice blessings of eating and drinking ; for here is a newspaper stuffed with nothing, but revolution dinners and toasts.



SN. I wonder, some stop is not put to those kinds of meeting.

FIRE. What, lay an embargo upon eating and drinking?

MEL. But sure, Mr. Snarle, you did not always think so hardly of them.

SN. Perhaps I might not: but the object of them appears more open and undisguised, than it used to be.

MEL. To the purged eye so it does, Mr. Snarle.

When we look through our glasses  
At an object that passes,  
How small at one end, and how large at the other !  
'Tis exactly the case,  
When we look through a place,  
And in judgment we differ so one from another.  
Say, courtiers, say, patriots, is it not so ?  
I wish there were places for all ;  
Oh, then how glidingly glib would things go !  
While through the same end,  
With the eye of a friend,  
We all spied the errors were small.

SER. (*servant enters.*) Here are his Honour Ramble, Farmer Butters, and others come about justice business; and beg to speak to your worship.

MEL.

MEL. Will not Mr. Ramble walk in?

SER. No, Sir: he said not.

MEL. Then I will attend him. Your leave,  
Gentlemen. (*exit servant.*)

FIRE. I will take a turn in the garden.

WILL. And if you will give me leave, Colonel, I will attend you.

SN. And I will just cast my eye over the papers.

MEL. (*apart to Firebrace.*) To look for the collectorship I suppose.

## SCENE V.

SNARLE.

SN. (*takes up a newspaper.*) This was very kind in Lord Ramble indeed.

SER. (*servant enters.*) Peter Puff, Sir, if you be at leisure, desires to speak to you.

SN. I am rather engaged: but I will speak to him.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

SNARLE. PUFF.

PUFF. I heard you were alone : and so—

SN. Great news, Peter.

PUFF. Have the French landed?

SN. No : I do not think they will land.

PUFF. Why you thought they would, last week.

SN. True : but we are changing our measures.

PUFF. How changing our measures?

SN. Getting rid of corruption, becoming unanimous.

PUFF. Whew!—What new politics are these.

SN. And dost thou know, Peter?

PUFF. Hift ! Secret intelligence, I suppose.

SN. No ; public ; public as the day. The talk of the camp. Dost thou know, Peter?

PUFF. No : cannot guess.

SN. Know then, that I am to be the new collector of the land-tax.

PUFF. And is that all?

SN. All!—Dost thou not see the force of it?

PUFF. No : do not see what good that will do to poor old England?

SN. A great deal. Shall not I know how much

much money to the land tax this county produces? Shall not I know how much is paid into the treasury? Shall not I know how much ought to be paid out of the treasury? Shall not I be in the secret?

PUFF. But still I do not see —

SN. And you shall attend me, and write the receipts.

PUFF. O——h.

SN. Things will soon go better, Friend Puff, depend on it.

PUFF. You have made my heart leap for joy. Poor old England will be saved. And we shall help to save it.

Oh, what a turn!  
I fire, I burn:  
Let us be going,  
I long to be doing,  
And writing receipts for the good of old England.

## SCENE VII.

WILLIAMS. FIREBRACE.

WILL. I am a convert, Colonel, to your opinions.

FIRE.



**FIRE.** And I wish, Sir, all the world were converts to some of your's.

**WILL.** I assure you, I begin to think more favourably of this little planet, than I have long been used to do.

**FIRE.** Depend on it, there is not in this world of man a cypher; that does not voluntarily make himself such.

### SCENE VIII.

**WILLIAMS. FIREBRACE. MELVILLE.**

**MEL.** You find, Colonel, what pliant stuff our friend Snarle's principles are made of.

**WILL.** The Colonel and I saw him buffle down the avenue, with his humble friend at his elbow.

**FIRE.** I am afraid he is going about, to put the news of his promotion in circulation; and at the same time the authority, on which he received it.

**MEL.** No matter: we will let him enjoy his delusion a little longer; it will do him no harm. Time will set him right: and we must get off as well as we can.

SCENE

## SCENE IX.

MELVILLE. WILLIAMS. FIREBRACE.

SNARLE.

SN. So there has been a desperate fray, I find, between Mr. Ramble and Farmer Butters.

MEL. Did you hear the particulars?

SN. Every mouth is full of it. His honour, they say, had been a little too civil to the farmer's wife; she was rather squeamish, the farmer fell upon Ramble: his man did by Saywell the same; and the young sparks got a plaguy drubbing.

MEL. It is pretty near the truth.

FIRE. The farmer's wife, it seems, was an English one. We have not yet, Mr. Snarle, got French manners amongst us.

SN. I hope we never shall.

SER. (*Servant enters.*) 'Squire Ramble, Sir, insisted on me coming to tell you; that if you did not immediately release him; he would have you before the Court of Kings Bench before a month was over.

MEL. Go, and tell Mr. Ramble, he must put up with the company of a constable, and the confinement of my library, till he has made compensation to the injured parties. And he may take me, if he please, before the King himself, God bless

blefs him ! And I think, for all I have done I fhall have his Majefty's pardon.

SN. But might not, Mr. Melville, I ask it with fubmiffion, might there not be a little refpect paid to a gentleman of Mr. Ramble's rank?

MEL. The laws of England, Sir, know nothing of rank. They know no difference, between the hutted villager, and the inhabitant of a palace.

FIRE. This, Mr. Snarle, if I underftand equality, is fomewhat vastly like it. Now go to France, and weigh it againft the name : and fee which kicks the beam.

The bleffings of liberty would you poffefs,

Go feek it in France till you find it :

If you're plunder'd, and robb'd, you are all in a mefs ;

'Tis equality, fo never mind it.

If, of age the fupporters, your fon or your treasure,

Requifition demand, whofe meaning is feizure ;

Yet to the ton

Of the petit cannon,

We will lead up with glee

The bonny blithe dance

Of the patriots in France,

With the heart-trilling airs

Of the poiffonnieres.

Round liberty tree.

SCENE

## SCENE X.

MELVILLE. WILLIAMS. FIREBRACE.

SNARLE. BELMOUR. EMILIA.

EM. Of this act of disobedience to your will here do I sue for pardon, where I ne'er yet knew any plead in vain ; and for your permission to join a portionless poor hand with his, who has my heart.

MEL. You know I have no just authority to counteract your will ; believe me, Emily, it is my wish to see you happy. And for the means you must consult yourself. You know my opinion.

EM. You oft have told me, Sir, never to trust for happiness on splendid scenes of state.

MEL. True, Emily. Happiness is not confined to state. Nor does it always dwell in cottages.

EM. But with content, and love, wherever found, she dwells. Why is my Belmour silent ? For sure, persuasion dwells on Belmour's tongue.

MEL. Belmour perhaps comes not to plead your suit.

BEL. Indeed he does not. So hear, good Sir, not the impetuous Belmour, pillowed on fortune's lap : but Belmour poor and shipwrecked  
in



in a stormy world. By your paternal care this lady has been trained in all the gentleness of polished ease; her mind, by nature cast in a superior mould, shining with all the lustre art can give; her person such, as angels might be drawn from. Ill then would such rare charms comport with meanness and obscurity. O give them, Sir, to blaze in their just sphere: and she may claim the highest.

EM. What means my Belmour?

BEL. To gaze at distance on Emilia's happiness, in such exalted station as her merit claims. 'Tis true, I wooed thee once; but as a man, basking in fortune's sunshine. We knew not then each other, or ourselves.

EM. Good Sir, believe him not. His vows were plighted to me, when he knew my fall; in birth and fortune knew how very low Emilia was fallen.

BEL. Belmour had then a fortune: and Emily did not want one.

EM. No, Belmour, no: we did confirm our mutual vows, even after time had brought the whole of dire misfortune's crowded train to light. And then thou soothedest, and talkedst to me of love and happiness. And sure they dwell with thee; though penury make our bed, and spread the scanty board.

BEL. Save, save, worthy Sir, this generous  
girl

girl from ruin : and take her to your favour. Far hence I will fly : and never more shall her sweet peace be hurt, nor she estranged from her obedience by the presence of one, whom rude misfortune hath marked out, as Belmour.

SN. 'Faith and troth, Mr. Belmour judges like a prudent man. Your high bred ladies, without fortunes, are like high bred race horses, without foot. More cost than worship, as the saying is. Did not I always say, Mr. Belmour was a sensible man?

When the moon so edged with honey  
Hath fill'd its orb, and felt its wane ;  
Tired of love, the pensive swain  
Thinks a little about money ;  
Sighs, and thinks, and sighs again.

BEL. Perish that base-born thought ! No : were she friendless, poor, and abject as myself ; though wealth and rank, in all the luring shapes that beauty's self could wear, should tempt me : oh, then how blest to call Emilia mine !

EM. Yes, yes. I knew thou wert my Belmour still.

BEL. Hah !—Why did my hasty spirit at a fool's chiding yield up a conquest o'er myself, I had half made for thee ? Then to persist ; un-

F

friended,

friended, undowried, even to the shining trinket on the finger, thus do I take thee as the world's best good : and will no longer rail at fortune for all her rubs.

MEL. What ring is that, Emilia; to which Mr. Belmour's allusion hath attracted my eye ?  
(*Emilia gives into Melville, who looks anxiously at it.*)

BEN. Aye, give it up, Emilia.—A ring of straw will bind two hearts, like ours. Give the proud lustre of the diamond orb to those, who want it more, than we do.

MEL. Where had you, Emily, this ring ?

EM. It was the present of Miss Drill, bought by her father of old Cicely.

MEL. Oh, 'tis, it is —. Cicely !—And where is she ?

EM. I believe in the house. She just now walked up with Miss Drill : who came to thank that worthy man, (*pointing to Williams*) for his late bounty to her honest father. I will this instant fetch her. (*Emilia exit.*)

SN. More justice business, I suppose.

WILL. Yes a companionable piece for that of your friend Ramble. The old woman and he may go to the house of correction together.

SN. I never thought any good of that old witch.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

MELVILLE. WILLIAMS. FIREBRACE.

SNARLE. BELMOUR. EMILY.

CICELY. HARRIET.

CIC. (*without, following Harriet.*) Oh, Miss Greville, Miss Greville hath undone me. Oh!— Oh!—This cursed ring will hang me.

SN. What does the old fool make such a po-ther about? She is not worth a rope.

MEL. (*Eagerly taking hold on Cicely, shews her the ring.*) Look here, Good Woman;—do you know this ring?

CIC. Know it, Sir!—Know that ring!

SN. Guilt sticks to the old beldame's tongue; and I'll warrant, an oath will not choak her.

None of your shuffling, and turning, and twining:  
Speak to the point, and have done with your whining.

CIC. You sarly old cur,

Wherever you go,

You make such a stir;

That there is no bearing

Your ranting and tearing,

Your lying and swearing,

Oh! no, no, no.

F 2

MEL.



MEL. Answer my question ; and answer it with strictest truth : or I will — This is no matter to be trifled with.

CIC. Do then, pray, good Sir, have patience : and I will tell you all I know of it : indeed I will.

MEL. And in the tale omit no tittle : gloss o'er with softening lie no single circumstance : and, far as I am concerned, thou shalt be freely pardoned.

CIC. I may depend on that?—

MEL. Thou mayest.

SN. And methinks, that favours a good deal of illegal collusion, Master Upright. (*apart to Williams.*)

CIC. Some twenty years, ago, I was recommended to the service of an English lady at Bologna. And from thence, after a short stay there, we went to Dunkirk ; where my mistress, for she was great with child, was three days after our arrival brought to bed of twins, a boy and girl ; and on the fifth day after died,

MEL. And the children where?—

CIC. Do not fright me, Sir ; and I will proceed with truth. Warned of her approaching end, she called me to her ; bade me take care of her two infants ; and carry them to a Sir Thomas Loveworth's at Summerwell : and at the same time, with a purse of money for myself, gave me a box sealed with three seals, which she directed me to carry with them.

MEL.

MEL. And thou —

CIC. In part executed her commands : took of the sweet babes, as who would not, good care ; and carried them according to my charge to Summerwell. But curiosity beguiled me to break the seals, and seize on the contents : which were a purse of gold, two bracelets set in diamonds, and that ring.

SN. I knew she would come to no good : gallows are written on her face in capitals.

MEL. Good ; do not interrupt her.

CIC. There was a letter too.

SN. A forgery : I will lay my life on it. Theft, and forgery : if Mr. Ramble be punished for a frolic, the devil must stand her friend, if she be not hanged.

CIC. Thinking that two poor babes, without the treasures intended to accompany them, would be but a poor present, and that I might be roughly rewarded for my pains ; I laid them secretly in the garden house, which I heard Sir Thomas often visited, and where I learned, for in those parts I staid to know the issue, he found and placed them with a careful nurse.

SN. It was a mercy, the old devil did not murder them.

CIC. I then returned to London : but for four years did ne'er enjoy sweet peace of mind on those two babes' account, and therefore jour-

neyed once more to Summerwell, resolved to confess the theft, and plead for pardon.

SN. But the devil, I suppose, stood in the gap between her and her good resolution.

CIC. But there I found the knight had left the place, and lived no one knew where. Indeed, Your Worship, this is the very truth and all I know.

MEL. Couldst thou produce that letter; it would go a great way towards cancelling all.

SN. What, compound felony! (*apart.*)

CIC. I happen to have it about me. For understanding, had it not been for some strange gentleman sent from the clouds to my master Drill, we were all to have been ousted this morning; I packed up my little property, and put this box in my pocket. You will find the letter and bracelets there. The pictures, I mean; for the jewels —

SN. Are, I suppose, dropped out. And in thy possession, they must have been plaguy well fet indeed, to have kept their places. (*Cicely gives Melville a box.*)

HAR. (*to Williams.*) Worthy Sir, in my father's name, I am come to —

WILL. To confirm me, Miss, I hope as partner in the firm; to which I this morning paid my first deposit. For the present however, we have things of more importance before us.

HAR.

**HAR.** While you the sigh  
Of sympathy  
O'er sorrows not your own express ;  
Accept the tribute lay,  
The heart delights to pay,  
Disburthen'd from distress.  
The proudest trait of human nature  
In your larger breast we find :  
Mine be the humbler, softer feature ;  
Blushing in a grateful mind.

**SN.** (*apart to Firebrace.*) Pray, Colonel, can  
you tell who in particular it was, of whom you  
heard the news of the collectorship.

**FIRE.** No, 'faith, I cannot. 'Twas rumour,  
general rumour.

Rumour is a noisy jade,  
With open ear, and forked tongue ;  
Whate'er is heard, is doubly said ;  
Nor heeds she whether right or wrong.  
Yet when the tale is a pleasing relation,  
'Tis best to believe,  
She does not deceive ;  
For while the illusion  
Lasts, though a delusion,  
Of truth it has all the delightful sensation.



MEL. (*Having received the box, and opened it, takes out the bracelets, and looks at one of the pictures, and then at Emily: then takes out the letter, and looks earnestly at the direction.*) 'Tis true: the character, the well known character, lives graven on my mind. (*opens the letter and reads.*)

Dear Friend,

An English family, to whom I was well known, arrived at Bologne, and took lodgings at the same house where I was. To prevent a discovery of my situation, I immediately set out for Dunkirk; where I was three days ago delivered of twins, a boy and girl. My Physician gives me little hope of ever seeing my dear Loveworth more. This casquet contains my little worldly store. Be kind, and cherish, in the dear babes, the memory of your affectionate unfortunate

EMILIA.

(*drops the letter, and runs to embrace Emilia.*) O my child, my child!

BEL. Then she is lost indeed!

EM. And do I live to hear a father's name, and hang upon his bosom, and feel a joy, in all my checquered life unknown before.

MEL.

MEL. My child, my Emily : how have I wounded thy soft heart, thou lovely image of my dear Emilia !—Thou hadst a brother too.—Ah me ! poor, exiled boy !—hard, obdurate father !—Is Belmour's brow on this occasion clouded ?

BEL. Heaven knows, it is not.

MEL. Though nobles flattered me with their suit, I would give this hand to him who best deserves it. Here, take it, Belmour : and with it a father's blessing.

BEL. I cannot thank you, as I would.

MEL. I know the workings of thy mind : and ask no other thanks.

FIRE. Lend us your hand, Old Friend. (*takes Melville by the hand.*) When I see a father give his daughter leave to marry the man she loves ; and equalise him to her on the broad base of merit only : I honour liberty and equality, though names somewhat worse for wearing.

MEL. Emilia, Belmour, now is your's. And though I trust your honour ; something there is of mystery in your connection with that young lady, (*pointing to Harriet*) I wish explained : for I must say, it hath drawn censure on you.

BEL. An explanation, claimed by such authority, is not to be resisted : and I will give it briefly as I can.—Her mother was the daughter of a clergyman. She had a brother, who with a college friend, high spirited and gay, exchanged  
the

the muse's tablets for the sword. That friend, a younger brother of an opulent family in Wales, oft visited at her father's house, and stole into the daughter's heart.—I fear I am tedious.

WILL. Pray, go on.

BEL. On one of those visits, when every moment flew winged with love, a deadly bolt was sped. A summons called the friends immediately away, to embark for foreign service. Here would I throw a veil over that night, when reason slept, and love, and pity, and apt occasion filled all the sails, that passion set. To that night that orphan owes her existence. In the first general battle, close at each other's side, the two friends gloriously fell. Her mother, wrung with grief, and fearful through consciousness of her growing shame to meet her father's rigid eye, left his house. Her heart, ere long, yielded to the storm of fate: and dying, to her friend's, my mother's, charge she left her young orphan: whom a parent's last request transferred to me.

WILL. What was her father's name?

BEL. Following her father's name, hers should be Harriet Williams.

WILL. *(throws himself into Harriet's arms.)*

My Harriet, mine! *(Harriet faints in his arms.)*

Look up, my love: look on thy father.

HAR. My father! Where is he? Where

am I?

WILL.

WILL. In thy father's arms.

HAR. Father indeed. My father, doubly such: who gave me first existence: and snatched me next from ruin.

SER (*Servant enters.*) A letter for Mr. Belmour.

BEL. Where is it?

SER. The young man says, it is a letter of consequence: and he must deliver it himself.

MEL. Bid him come in then, and deliver it.

## SCENE XII.

MELVILLE. WILLIAMS. FIREBRACE.

SNARLE. BELMOUR. EMILIA.

HARRIET. CICELY. GREVILLE.

(*Greville in the dress of a Dutch sailor, presents a letter to Belmour, which he opens, and reads.*)

BEL. (*reads*)

SIR,

I was disappointed in making my remittance to you as I meant to have done on France; and have sent it on the Bank of Amsterdam: of which you have hereby advice from your humble Servant

H. S. PEARSON.

Then



Then Belmour is again himself,  
And less unworthy his Emilia's heart.

EM. Wrong not thy Emily's judgment : pelf,  
Though it sometimes, spangling bright,  
Hide a bad heart out of sight ;  
Beaming bright, howe'er it shine,  
Can no lustre add to thine,

Nor make thee other than thou ever wert.

FIRE. Come you immediately from Amsterdam ?

GRE. Immediately.

SN. And what news, Sir, bring you from thence ?

GRE. None, Sir. But in the capacity of a German doctor, I bring an excellent universal remedy.

FIRE. Against what diseases, my young Galen ?

GRE. A large class, that you Englishmen are very apt to be troubled with, arising from climate, government, even times, and taxes.

SN. A valuable secret, (*to Williams*) when the north east wind blows fresh.

FIRE. A great acquisition, Mr. Snarle, should you lose the collectorship.

GRE. It is only to go, in the conveyance that brought me hither, to Amsterdam ; and there for one month partake of French fraternization,

zation, and all the French blessings that it brought with it : and if my prescription fail, say I am no doctor.

BEL. And pray, Sir, may I know, to whom I am obliged for the conveyance of a letter of so much consequence to me?

GRE. (*throws off his Dutch cap*) To Greville. (*runs up to Melville, who hastily meets and embraces him.*) My uncle ! best of friends !

MEL. Thy father.—O my boy !—my long lost boy !

GRE. My sister !—my dear Emilia !—(*to Emily.*) My Belmour !—My Friend ! (*to Belmour.*)

BEL. Thy brother :—Gallant Greville.

GRE. (*seeing Harriet, runs up to her.*) What. and my Harriet too :

WILL. (*taking Harriet's hand, gives it to Greville.*) Yes, thy Harriet.

GRE. 'Tis too much—father, sister, brother, wife !—Am I awake ? Sure 'tis the fabric of a dream.

MEL. So mayest thou dream on through the remains of life ; which, in its early part, thou hast indeed found rough ! But Heaven is good : and I am satisfied.

In youth's gay season, be this truth believed ;  
One devious step is often ne'er retrieved :

When

When once we quit fair order's tranquil ways;  
 Error to error leads, a dark embarras'd maze.  
 And, by the same eternal law decreed,  
 A sure reward attends the virtuous deed :  
 Though here perhaps to shine unmark'd 'tis given ;  
 Mounted on angel wings, 'tis registr'd in Heaven.

Gr. (turning off his Dutch cap) To Greenville.  
 (runs up to Matilda, who has just entered and embraces him.) My uncle! bet of friends!  
 Mat. Thy father—O my boy!—my long  
 lost boy!

Gr. My sister!—(to Emilia)—  
 Emilia. My friend!—My friend! (to Belmont.)  
 Bel. Thy brother—(to Belmont.)  
 Gr. (turning up to her.) What  
 and my father—  
 Will. (taking her hand, gives it to Gr.)  
 Gr. Yes, thy father!

Gr. The too much—father, sister, brother,  
 wife!—Am I awake? Sure 'tis the fabric of  
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Mat. So mayest thou dream on through  
 the remains of life; which, in its early part,  
 thou hast indeed found rough! But Heaven is  
 good: and I am satisfied.

In youth's gay season, be this truth believed;  
 One devious step is often not retrieved:  
 When